



De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro"

[Al Watts:] Hey all you kids out there! Welcome to Three Feet High and Rising. Now, here's what we do. The following contestants... how are you doing, contestants?

[Contestants:] (General babble, inc. 'Okay', 'Alright', 'Yo Mama')

[Al Watts:] So fellas, tell us a little bit about yourselves.
Contestant number one!

[Contestant #1 (Dove):] How ya doin', Al. Just came all the way down from Wichita just to be on this show. You know it's gonna be swell and I'm gonna win all the money. Gonna win all the money. See ya.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 2.

[Contestant #2 (Mase):] Excuse me, um, my name is, um, P.A. Mase, I'm from Australia, and I'm just glad to be here.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 3.

[Contestant #3 (Pos):] Hello, my name is, uh, Plug One, and uh, let me tell you a little bit about myself, I like Twizzlers, and I like the Alligator Bob, and my favorite movie is um, Bloodsucking Freaks, just like your mama.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 4.

[Contestant #4 (Prince Paul):] Hello, my name is Prince Paul, and I'm just... glad to be on the show. Thank you.

[Al Watts:] Okay. Now we've met the contestants, let's get to the game! I'm going to ask an amount of four questions, and the contestants will try to answer them correctly. Now, you out there in the audience can answer along with them.

How many feathers are on a Perdue chicken?
How many fibres are intertwined in a Shredded Wheat biscuit?
What does "touche et lele pu" mean?
How many times did the Batmobile catch a flat?

Now that we know the questions, we'll let the contestants think them over, and we'll return right after these messages.

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Magic Number"

(Got to have soul!)

[POS:]

3

That's the Magic Number

Yes it is

It's the magic number

Somewhere in this hip-hop soul community

Was born 3 Mase, Dove and me

And that's the magic number

(What does it all mean?)

Difficult preaching is Posdnuos' pleasure

Pleasure and preaching starts in the heart

Something that stimulates the music in my measure

Measure in my music, raised in three parts

Casually see but don't do like the Soul

'Cause seein' and doin' are actions for monkeys

Doin' hip hop hustle, no rock and roll

Unless your name's Brewster, 'cause Brewster's a Punky

Parents let go 'cause there's magic in the air

Criticising rap shows you're out of order

Stop look and listen to the phrasin' Fred Astaires

And don't get offended while Mase do-se-do's your daughter

A tri-camera rolls since our music's now set

Fly rhymes are stored on a D.A.I.S.Y. production

It stands for "Da Inner Sound Y'all" and y'all can bet

That the action's not a trick, but showing the function

Everybody wants to be a deejay

Everybody wants to be an emcee

But being speakers are the best

And you don't have to guess

De La Soul posse consists of three

And that's the magic number

[DOVE:]

This here piece of the pie

Is not dessert but the course that we dine

And three out of every darn time

The effect is "Mmmm" when a daisy grows in your mind

Showing true position, this here piece is

Kissin' the part of the pie that's missin'

When that negative number fills up the casualty

Maybe you can subtract it

You can call it your lucky partner

Maybe you can call it your adjective
But odd as it may be
Without my 1 and 2 where would there be
My 3
Mase Pos and Me
And that's the Magic Number

Focus is formed by flaunts to the soul
Souls who flaunt styles gain praises by pounds
Common are speakers who are never scrolls
Scrolls written daily creates a new sound
Listeners listen 'cause this here is wisdom
Wisdom of a Speaker, a Dove and a Plug
Set aside a legal substance to feed 'em
For now get 'em high off this dialect drug
Time is a factor so it's time to count
Count not the negative actions of one
Speakers of soul say it's time to shout
Three forms the soul to a positive sum
Dance to this fix and flex every muscle
Space can be filled if you rise like my lumber
Advance to the tune but don't do the hustle
Shake, rattle, roll to my Magic Number

Now you may try to subtract it
But it just won't go away
Three times one?
(What is it?)
(One, two, three!)
And that's the Magic Number

(Yo, what's up?)
(1, 2, 3)
(I say, children, what does it all mean?)
(Woah-woah-wo, 1, 2, 3)
(I wouldn't lie to you)
(No more no less, that's the magic number)
(No more no less)
(What it is?)
(No more no less)
(Is this the future?)
(No more no less)
(Do the shang-a-lang)
(No more no less)
(No one on the subway ever chats to me)
(No more no less)
(Anybody in the audience ever get hit by a car?)
(No more no less)
(How high's the water, mama?)
(No more no less)
(How high's the water, mama?)
(No more no less)
(Three feet high and rising)

(No more no less)
(Three)
(That's the magic number)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Change In Speak"

[POS:]

Once again it's time to bite more soul
A flavor you will savor in your soul
Wax is distributed and then sold
So watch it turn, bring your next of kin soul
P.A. Mase has rocked it on the console
Scream real hard until you blow your tonsils
Bang-oh-bang until you burn your shoe soles
'Cause you are now dancing to the big soul

[DOVE:]

Live is the motion of the soul step
Set the exposure to my one step
This scene'll last to the next step
All those in favor take a big step
True to the Soul, we'll never back step
In sense to that, we don't half step
Just as a reminder from the last step
Negative ones are lost in footsteps

Levels we've set will never go down
Competitions commence the step down
Those involved with peace who know the Soul's down
Can see that the Soul has got a new sound
Dance until you find yourself a new part
If you don't then I'll give you the True part
When received you'll see the real small part
Of the new way is no part at all

[POS:]

Pos and Dove is rarely caught not dressed in peace
Movements always walking round now stressing peace
When this biter should know true in peace
Instead they cause violence and shoot out beef
Still we are professing to be on a roll
Public cause this party going on the road
And if you crave sex, drugs and rock'n'roll
Sent by the Quest, Jungle and De La Soul

Give 'em a taste, Mase

De La Soul Lyrics

"Cool Breeze On The Rocks"

Cool breeze
Rock that shit homie
Rock
Lyte as a
Rock
A-a-a-a-as a rock
Cool breeze
Rockin' it, rockin' it
Rock
You gotta rock it
Keep on rockin'
Rock's the best
Rockin' music
Cool breeze
The king
Of rock'n'roll
Rock, rock
This world for you
King Adrock
Rock those bells
I want
Body body rock, body body rock
You are now rockin' with the best
I put this together to
Rock the house
Michael?
"I wanna"
Rock!
"With you"

[AL WATTS:] Contestant number one, do you have any answers?
DOVE: Ummm... I wish my cousin Nag was here, he knows these things,
no, I'm sorry I don't.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Can U Keep A Secret?"

Ahh yeah, ah ah ah

Prince Paul likes Buddy
Posdnuos likes Buddy
Trugoy likes Buddy
Mase likes Buddy
Wouldn't you like to Buddy too? Ooh

Prince Paul needs a haircut
Mase needs a haircut
Posdnuos needs a haircut
Trugoy would you please give us a haircut?

Prince Paul needs a luuden
Trugoy needs a luuden
Posdnuos needs a luuden
Mase needs a luuden
Everybody I want to just get a luuden

Paul has dandruff
Posdnuos has a lot of dandruff
Mase has big fat dandruff
Trugoy has dandruff
Everybody in the world, you have dandruff

Dante is a scrubb
Dante is a scrubb (scrubb)
Dante is a scrubb (is a big scrubb)
Dante is a scrubb (a super scrubb) (scrubb)

(And ya not gettin' the haircut either, scrubb!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Jenifa Taught Me (Derwin's Revenge)"

[DOVE:]

Access to her code
Lovestruck was my mode
Took a look, dropped my textbook
Jenifa... (OH!)

Breakfast, broke it fast
She was in my English class
Asked for notes, rocked my boat
Jenifa... (OH!)

Jenny
Lost her favourite penny
So I gave her a dollar
She kissed me
(And I hollered)

In a flash the school bell rang
Jenny grabbed on to my hand
Took me home and said, Trugoy just
Swing and swing and swing

[POS:]

The downstairs, where we met
I brought records, she cassettes
Lost the breaks, found her shape
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Transcripts showed more than flirt
'I love daisies' read her shirt
Grabbed my jeans, Jimmy screamed
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Marvelous
Shaped like a vase
No one can live their life for Pos
Found a house, aroused my joust
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Her clothes, I did shuck
Just like Dan I strictly stuck
To the punt, she cried 'kick it'
Posdnuos was in

Jenny
Only thought about Jimmy
But asked was I a virgin

Like some kid named Derwin?

She said 'Let's try it in the bathroom'
But 'Dnuos is way above sinks
So to the kitchen she did Dan
And came back wrapped in Saran

(Now wait a minute! Little Derwin got something to
show us that Jenny could never do. Listen...)

(Hey. Look at little Derwin. Look at him go, look at him go!
Awww, baby.)

[DOVE:]

Positions, muscles flexed
Dove was lost in a Ghana hex
Passed her test, felt her teddy
Jenifa oh Jenny

Notions

Soothed the mood
Dove was lost in De La heaven
Screwed Plug Two, did the do
Jenifa oh Jenny

Jenny

Teased my homeboy Granny
In fact she teased so many
She was known as a garden tool

[POS:]

No more
I dispatched
Was it Jimmy had met his match
Or could it be the realisation
All girls owned a Jenny

For normal health

I had fought
A valuable lesson she had taught
Don't flaunt that the candy is good
Unless you came with plenty

De La Soul Lyrics

"Ghetto Thang"

[POS:]

(Mary had a little lamb)
That's a fib, she had two twins though
And one crib
Now she's only fourteen, what a start
But this effect is ground common in these parts
Now life in this world can be such a bitch
And dreams are often torn and shattered and hard to stitch
Negative's the attitude that runs the show
When the stage is the G-H-E-T-T-O

[DOVE:]

Which is the one to blame when bullets blow
Either Peter, Jane, or John or Joe
But Joe can't shoot a gun, he's always drunk
And Peter's pimping Jane, and John's a punk
Infested are the halls, also the brains
Daddy's broken down from ghetto pains
Mommy's flying high, the truth is shown
The kids are all alone
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

[POS:]

Who ranks the baddest brother, the ones who rule
This title is sought by the coolest fool
Define coolest fool? Easy, the one who needs
Attention in the largest span and loves to lead
Always found at the jams, but never dance
Just provoke violence due to one glance
The future plays no matter, just the present flow
When the greeting place is the G-H-E-T-T-O

[DOVE:]

Lies are pointed strong into your skull
Deep within your brain against the wall
To hide or just erase the glowing note
Of how to use the ghetto as a scapegoat
Truth from Trugoy's mouth is here to scar
Those who blame the G for all bizarre
So open up your vents and record well
For this is where we stand, for the True tell
Ghetto gained a ghetto name from ghetto ways
Now there could be some ghetto gangs and ghetto play
If ghetto thang can have its way in ghetto range
Then there must be some ghetto love and ghetto change

Though confident they keep it kept, we know for fact
They lie like ghettos form, 'cause people lack
To see that they must all get out the ghetto hold
The truth they never told
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

[POS:]

Do people really wish when they blow
Out the cake candles, and if so
Is it for the sunken truth which could arise
From out the characters in which the ghetto hides
Roses in the ring supply their shown relief
Granted it's planted by their shown belief
Kill and feed off your own brother man
Has quickly been adopted as the master plan
Posses of our people has yet to provoke
Freedom or death to them, it's just a joke
What causes this defect, I don't know
Maybe it's the G-H-E-T-T-O

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

Standing in the rain is nothing felt
When problems hold more value, but never dealt with
Buildings crumbling to the ground
Impact noise is silent sound
But who's the one to say this life is wrong
When ghetto life is chosen strong
We seem to be misled about our dreams
But dreams ain't what it seem
When it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Transmitting Live From Mars"

(Ecoutez. A midi.)
(Quel heure est-il? Il est midi.)
(C'est l'heure de déjeuner. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a a manger?)
(Il y a saucisse, sans doute.)
(Ecoutez et repetez. A midi.)
(Quel heure est-il?)
(Quel heure)
(Quel heure est-il?)
(Est-il?)
(Il est midi. Midi. Midi. Il est midi. Il est midi.)
(C'est l'heure de déjeuner.)
(C'est l'heure de déjeuner. C'est l'heure de déjeuner. De déjeuner.)
(C'est l'heure de déjeuner.)
(Qu'est-ce qu'il y a a manger?)
(Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Eye Know"

[POS:]

Greetings, girl, and welcome to my world of phrase
I'm right up to bat
It's a Daisy Age and you're about to walk top-stage
So wipe your Lottos on the mat
Hip-hop love this is and don't mind when I quiz your
Involvements before the sun
But clear your court 'cause this is a one-man sport
And who's better for this than Plug One
Now you don't have to worry about me squashin' other deals
'Cause they've already been squooshed
Freeze a frame about moods the same which we can continue
Right behind the bush
You'll stay with me
Eye Know this
But not because of all my earthly treasures
Or regardless to the fact that I'm Posdnuos
But because

(Eye know Eye love you better)

[DOVE:]

May I cut this dance to introduce myself as
The chosen one to speak
Let me lay my hand across yours
And aim a kiss upon your cheek
They name's Plug Two
And from the soul I bring you
The Daisy of your choice
May it be filled with the pleasure principle
In circumference to my voice
About those other Jennys I reckoned with
Lost them all like a homework excuse
This time the Magic Number is two
'Cause it takes two, not three, to seduce
My destiny of love is brought to an apex
Sex is a mere molecule
In this world of love that I have for you
It's true

(Eye know Eye love you better)

[POS:]

Now it's time to let this rhyme style
Get somewhat poured in the mold
Hold my hand and we'll pick my plantation
Of Daisies for a bouquet of Soul

Life will begin at the cut of a rim
Take it as filled to the rim as in brim
Squeeze your stoop like Betty Boop
We'll make Campbell's Alphabet Soup
And spell Plug One's within
Forward march is the say
When transistors will play
Come into bed is the mood
Dolby sound will be then top crowned
When I put the needle into your groove
I got a good thing
And in full swing
I show this in gifts, words or letters
But even without those three
Eye know you'll be close to me 'cause

(Eye know I love you better)

[DOVE:]

It's I again and the song that I send
Is taking steps to reach your heart
Any moment you feel alone
I can fill up your empty part
We can ascend 'till we reach De La Heaven
And in a spin we'll hit the Top Ten
Then we will meet Mr Stuckie
And Pos' brother Lucky will preach
Let the wedding begin
Shot by an arrow of cupid
Through the string of a G-clef
My dear, I claim you're def
And if you can hear me, by golly gee,
Trugoy is ready for what you possess
We could live in my Plug Two home
And on Mars where we could be all alone
And we make a song for two,
Picture perfect things and I sing of how

(Eye know I love you better)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Take It Off"

(It's hurting.)
(Smell your breath!)
(You smell like Jabba.)
(Your nose is what's doing it.)
(You're talking into the recording... YO!)
(Okay Lucky, start it off.)

Take take take take take it off...
Take it off, take take take take it off
Take it off, take take take take it off,
Take it off, take take take take it off,

Take it off,
Take it OFF!

(Take that suede front off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those contacts off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that horsemeat off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those shell-toes off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those track fleas off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that doo-rag off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that moth rag off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those fat laces off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that bomber off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that BVD off)
Take it OFF!

(Take those Converse off)
Take it OFF!

(And those Gazelles too)
Take it OFF!

(Take that Kangol off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that Jordache off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that Afro off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that jhericurl off)
Take it OFF!

(Take that Le Tigre off)

Take those acid-washed jeans, bell-bottomed, designed by your mama... off? Please? Please..

De La Soul Lyrics

"A Little Bit Of Soap"

[POS:]

Please listen to this simple De La style I'm gonna sing
It's strongly directed to all the misery you're bringing
Now I'm not all about dissing someone else personnel
But there's no quota on your odor
That's right, you smell
Now you might feel a little embarrassed, don't take it too hard
And don't make it worse by covering it up with some Right Guard
Before you even put on your silk shirt and fat gold rope
Please take your big ass to the bathroom
And please use
(A little bit of soap....)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Tread Water"

[DOVE:]

I was walking on the water when I saw a crocodile
He had daisies in his hat, so I stopped him for a while
He delivered me a message, a message to soothe my stage
What it was was more then plug-up dosage
More than DAISY age
Conversation drew a rule,
Which the crowd will roar by millions
Mr. Crocodile said, 'Dove, you must look
For now the villains try to hold you underwater
But one thing we all must heed
Sony Walkmans keep us walking
De La Soul can help you breathe when you tread water'

As I walked along my journey,
I thought 'What have I just learned?'
In a flash I saw commotion
There was movement in these ferns
Silently the silence came, was it the end of my world?
I shouted out in fear, 'Who's there?'
'It's me,' said Mr. Squirrel
'I've searched for you all over, now you're found,
No time to waste. We must find the Preacher Man,
We must find the P.A. Mase. All my population's dying,
And we're all in tune to doom.
Like the Daisy, I need water
I need chesnuds to consume.'
'Mr. Squirrel,' I said, 'I'm sorry,
But the problem can't be solved
If there's no one here to help, and no one to get involved
Always look to the positive and never drop your head
For the water will engulf us if we do not dare to tread
So let's tread water'

[POS:]

Now one weary day I woke, my alarm said 'Plug time's up'
Filled my bath up with the water, gargled with my gargle cup
As I bathed I felt a presence, and I'm sort of ticklish
I looked down and then around and I heard,
'Hi! I'm Mr Fish. How do you do? As for me,
I'm in tip-top shape today, cause my water's clean
And no-one's menu says Fresh Fish Filet
See I look past all my worries, which is something you must do
Though you're fed up, throw your head up
With this advice ffrom me to you
And that's to tread water'

As my day went unexplained, time was finding nothing fun
As I walked along the sidewalk, I heard,
 'Psst, excuse me, Plug One.'
From my Soul, De La that is, I hollered
 'Yes, are you talking to me?'
'No alarm meant,' he said, 'Let me introduce myself.
 I'm Mr Monkey.'
'Mr Monkey, I pledge you slap of five,
 Now how does your problem meet?'
He said, 'My bananas are at their ripest, but they all
Stand at three feet. My swinging hand is bandaged up.
 Could you help me with this chore?'
I brought him down to the Native shop
And bought him copies of the De La score
 Which assisted well in his elevation
 Now all bananas is at his grasp
 He decided with this accomplished,
 He would put me on to the path
He to my to live by the Inner Sound, y'all
Which would bring me health in showbiz
 Then to use them, not abuse them
And then in the words that got me to 'em
 And that is to tread water

De La Soul Lyrics

"Potholes In My Lawn"

(Yo, something's wrong here. No, not again!)
(Get the daisies for the...)

Potholes in my lawn

[DOVE:]

Everybody's sayin'
What to do when suckin' lunatics start diggin' and chewin'
They don't know that the Soul don't go for that
Potholes in my lawn
And that goes for my rhyme sheet
Which I concentrated so hard on, see
I don't ask for maximum security
But my dwellin' is swellin'
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall
Into a spot
Where no ink or an ink-blot
Was on a scroll
I just wrote me a new 'mot'
But now it's gone
There's no
Suckers knew that I hate
To recognise that every time I'm writin'
It's gone

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

Potholes in my lawn

[POS:]

I've found that it's not wise
To leave my garden untended
'Cause eyes have now pardoned all laws of privacy
Even paws are after my writer
See, I've found that everyone's sayin'
What to do when suckers are preyin'
On my well-guarded spreadsheets
Oh why, hell does it send up fleets
Of evil-doers through the big hole
To get to evil-doers who dig holes
Which leaves my lawn with lawn-chew
I think I'd better plant traces to give clues
Or better yet call 911
And when they get here I inform them I'm the Plug One
Open a chair and let them realize the reason
For concern of the Soul,

'Cause we've come down with a case of potholes

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

Potholes in my lawn

(Who stole, who stole, who stole the cookie
from the cookie jar?)

[DOVE:]

Now you got the message
What to do when you die
The death that I predict in 'Plug Tunin'
It's a shame that you deny to claim
That you stole my words of fame
That I wrote in my rhyme sheet
Which I concentrated so hard on, see
I don't ask for a barbed wire fence, B
But my dwellin' is swellin'
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall
Into a spot
Where no ink or an ink-blot
Was on a scroll
I just wrote me a new 'mot'
But now it's gone there's no
Suckers knew that I hate
To recognise that every time I'm writin'
It's gone

Potholes in my lawn

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Say No Go"

[POS:]

Now let's get right on down to the skit
A baby is brought into a world of pits
And if it could've talked that soon
In the delivery room
It would've asked the nurse for a hit
The reason for this?
The mother is a jerk
Excuse me, junkie
Which brought the work of the old
Into a new light, what a way
But this what a way
Has been a way of today
Anyway push couldn't shove me
To understand a path to a basehead
Consumer should erase it in the first wave
But second wave forms relievers
And believers will walk to it
Then even talk to it and say

(You got my body now you want my soul)
Nah, can't have none of that
Tell 'em what to say Mase

(Say no go)

[DOVE:]

Nah, no my brother
No my sister
Try to get hip to this
Word, word to the mother
I'll tell the truth
So bear my witness
Fly like birds of a feather
Drugs are like pleather
You don't wanna wear it
No need to ask that question
Just don't mention
You know what the answer is

[POS:]

Now I never fancied Nancy
But the statement she made
Held a plate of weight
I even stressed it to Wade

[DOVE:]

Did he take any heed?

[POS:]

Nah, the boy was hooked
You coulda phrased the word "base"
And the kid just shook
In his fashion class once an A now an F
The rock rules him now
The only designs left
Were once clothes made for Osh-Kosh
Has converted to nothing but stonewash

[DOVE:]

Now hopping in a barrel is a barrel of fun
But don't hop in if you wanna be down, son
'Cause that could mean
Down and out as an action
What does that lead to?
Dum da dum dum
People say what have I done for all my years
My tears show my hard earned work
I heard shoving is worse than pushing
But I'd rather know a shover than a pusher
'Cause a pusher's a jerk

(Say no go)

[POS:]

Believe it or not
The plots forms a fee
More than charity
But the course doesn't coincide
With the ride of insanity
Is it a chant that slants
The soul to fill for it?
I know it's the border
That flaunts the order
To kill for it

[DOVE:]

Standing, scheming on a young one
Taking his time
8 ball for a cool pool player
Racked it all
Tried to break, miscued
Got beat by the boy in blue
Next day you're out
By the spot once more
Looking hard for a crack in the hole
I ask what's the fix for the ill stuff
Word to the Dero
The answer shoulda been no

[POS:]

Run me a score from the funky four plus one more

(It's the joint!)

Rewind that back

This is the age for a new stage of fiend

Watch how the junkies scream

For their crack

"It's the crack"t should explain it from the start

Behind the ideals of cranking up the heart

Now the Base claims shot over every part

(Say no go)

(Say no go)

(Don't even think about it)

(Say no go)

(Say no go)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Do As De La Does"

(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Uh-huh! All right now! Oh yeah! Yo! Word! Oh! Yeah! Uh-huh!)

[MASE:]

Yo yo yo yo! We got De La Soul in the house, the producer Prince Paul, P.A. Mase, and I wanna know one thing!
Yo, yo! You gotta show right up your hands, let me hear you say Aa-ow!

(AA-OW!!)

Aa-ow!

(AA-OW!!)

Come on! Come on! Come on!

[POS:]

Plug One on the mic, P-L-U-G-O-N-E, yo what's up, you know about Jimmy, you know about Jenny,
I want everybody in this place, c'mon, say Plug it up!

(PLUG IT UP!)

Say Plug it up!

(PLUG IT UP!)

You got somebody next to you with some bad-ass breath, I want you to tell that brother, come on, tell him "Take
a Luuden!"

(TAKE A LUUDEN!)

Say take a Luuden!

(TAKE A LUUDEN!)

Plug Two!

[DOVE:]

Sto-o-op! Here we go!

If you like to drink some soda, let me hear you say Coca-Cola!

(COCA-COLA!)

Coca-Cola!

(COCA-COLA!)

Stop!

[PAUL:]

Ah yeah, pump it, pump it, ah yeah, pump it up!

You if you got doo doo in your pocket, you got doo doo in your pocket, put one hand in the air like this, wave it
back and forth, say doo doo!

(DOO DOO!)

Say doo doo!

(DOO DOO!)

Come on! Ah yeah!

[MASE:]

Yeah yeah this is Plug Three! This is Plug Three! Yeah! Say hoo!

(HOO!)

Hoo!

(HOO!)

[POPMASTER HIGHT:]

Hey De La Soul, you fucking lasagne heads, that's better than my mama's lasagne! Hey! Hey, come on!
That was freakin' A, man! I really wanna take it back home with me, you know! I really get into your fuckin' music!
It's so excellent! Ah, you big sconzilli heads! De La Soul's so fuckin' great!

[DOVE:]

Let me hear you say 'I like to eat that...'

De La Soul Lyrics

"Plug Tunin' (Last Chance To Comprehend)"

(And now for my next number, I'd like to return to the classics.
Perhaps the most famous classic in all the world of music...)

[DOVE:]

The first time around, you didn't quite understand our new style of speak.

(Don't worry, we can fix that right now)

So why don't you all just grab your bags

(Come on aboard, hoist the anchor, and we'll be off)

(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

[POS:]

Answering any other service,

Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted

Enemies publicly shame my utility

After the battle they admit that I'm with it

Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue

Transistors are never more shown with like

When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin

Due to a clue of a naughty noise called

Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhhh)

Flock to the preacher called Pos

Let him be the stir to the style of your stew

Sit while the kid of the Plug form aroma

Then grab a Daisy to sip your favorite brew

Lettin' this soul fire be your first prior,

But don't let the kick drum stub your big toe

See that the three will be your thread

But like my man Chuck D said, 'What a brother know'

Dance while I play and the cue cards sway

From my flower girls China and Jette

The button is pressed in '89 we'll start the panic

From De La Soul and a Prince from Stet

Negative noise will be all divided

Dangerous to dance, Posdnuos will croon

Ducks and kizids will all be rid

When paying position to the naughty noise called

Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhhh)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

[DOVE:]

Freeze 'cause these are the brothers
Brothers of the Soul who present a new flick
Every last viewer is tuned to the method,
Known to be a method, no magicians, not a trick
Bitten by the spoken who been titled Plug Two
Swallowed by the loonies who are jealous with the showbiz
Dove'll teach the truth, Posdnuos will preach the youth
To the fact that this will bring an end to the negative
Flow to the sway 'cause I say fa-so-la-ti
At the top we will dwell
Difference is fame and we rise then we build
Where we are set we get fat and we swell
Motions of the Soul is a positive stride
One step forward is the space we consume
Vivid as the moon, you have yet to assume
How the Soul found the motto of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

Vocal is local so believe that
This chant shan't rely on the strong lap
Trying and live so you best realise
That the gift that I present, I say gift wrap
Style of the Tune is personal
And defining what's the rhyme is worst of all
Stop, sit and study 'cause the meaning isn't muddy
Just preach and do the gear as the first of all
Watch while the pitcher is pitching
'Cause this is the pitch of the year
Sing a simple song but keep the swing strong
Though you heard Dove crying 'I ain't fair'
Those who think De La's on the flip tip
Try to flip this and you're doomed
Watch for the B-B 'cause if you try to grieve me
You'll be hung by the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)

(I can't twist your arm and make you stay with me)

(Are you ready for this?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"De La Orgee"

[DOVE:]

This is De La Orgee...

[Various male and female grunting, panting and screaming sounds, including...]

(It's in there.)

(Say you like it. Tell me you like it.)

(I like it, oh I like it)

(More! More!)

(What's my name? What's my name?)

(Flip over!)

(Mase!)

(On your stomach. Put your face in the pillow.)

(Yes!)

(Seven feet. Seven feet long!)

(Cut it!)

(You like Jimmy? Tell me you like Jimmy.)

(I like Jimmy!)

(Speak to Jimmy.)

(I like Jimmy...)

(Cut the damn tape!)

(Cut it!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Buddy"

[DOVE:]

Hello

Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany, mean
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany, mean (Okay)

Hello it's the soul
Troopin' in wit the Jungle patrol
And this one's about the KO's the knockouts out there
Who's holdin' my buddy
Hold up
(wait a minute)

[POS:]

Now just wait
We're gonna talk about Buddy on this plate
But before we let the herd out the gate
Make sure the all the levels are straight out the jungle
(The Jungle, the Jungle, the Brothers, the Brothers)

[AFRIKA:]

De La Soul from the soul
Black medallions no gold
Hangin' out wit Pos hangin' out wit Mase
Buddy buddy buddy all in my face

[MIKE G:]

For the lap Jimbrowski must wear a cap
Just in case the young girl likes to clap
Ain't for the wind but before I begin
I initiate the buddy with a slap

[Q-TIP:]

Now for the next
I'm the Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest
And when I quest for the buddy I don't fess
For my jimmy wants nothin' but the best (the best)
The best (Ooh Wee!)
Let's stick out jimmy and see what we can catch
(Stick em up, stick em up jimmy)
Next won't be needed unless
(Jenny wanna get right to the flesh)

(Sweet little woman, sweet little woman)

[POS:]

I won't lie, I love B-U-D-D-Y (why)
Cause I never let it walk on by
When it comes to me and Jenny I seem (very serious)
Like a Peak Freen
Buddy is the act that occurs on the lip
when Jenny and jimmy start shootin' the gift
Boy let me get shot I won't even riff

[AFRIKA:]

Buddy buddy don't you know you make me go nutty
I'm so glad that you're not a fuddy duddy
Not too skinny and not too chubby
Soft like silly putty
Miss Crabtree I hope that you're not mad at me
Cause I told you that it was your buddy
That was making me ever so horny
Junglelistically horny

[DOVE:]

On the dial my buddy talks to me for a while
Plug Two is the

[Q-TIP:]

Q to her tip

[DOVE:]

On the A side and sometimes the flip
(Gotta gotta flip this record)
Buddy is the bud to my daisy tree
And the luuden to my do-re-mi
And the pleaser to my man Plug 3
(Plug 3 gets all the buddy)

[MIKE G:]

Behind my bush my buddy likes the way that I push
And like a champ just knock it on out
Never ever once sellin' out
(Oh let loose the juice)
My buddy helps me to
(De La my Soul)
Keepin' jimmy in total control
Without Buddy I'd be on a roll

(La la la I-la la la la, la la la I-la la la la)

[Q-TIP:]

Hey girl I heard ya lookin' for some good times
If you Quest from the Soul here's what we'll find
A whole lot of fun lots of fun together
Just like kissin' cousins (yeah that's kinda clever)

Close like bosoms, bosoms stay close
If you be my buddy I will toast
That we're like Ethel Merts and Lucille MacGillicuddy
You can be mines and I can be your buddy

[DOVE:]

The best buddy's in evening wear
Long lovin' less Tru know (he's in there)
I feel sorry for those who pay a fare (a fee) word to the D
I don't beg I just tease my buddy with my right leg
And when it's ready what's said is buddy is best in bed

[AFRIKA:]

Fly buddy told us all to get into a circle
Said don't worry cause I won't hurt you
All I really wanna do is freak you (she freaked us)

[MIKE G:]

And I watched and then I checked my swatch
To see the time
The Soul had formed a buddy line
And that buddy was (mine all mine)

[POS:]

Now when Tribe, the Jungle, and De La Soul
Is at the clubs our ritual unfolds
Grab our bones and start swingin' our hands
(Then Jenny start flockin' it everywhere)
Cause Jenifa just wants to stay aware
Yo fellas should we keep her aware
(Mmm Hmm, yeah!!!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Description"

[DOVE:]

I am Trugoy
A Dove-like boy
Could wingspread,
But instead,
I will employ

[MASE:]

Me the Plug Three
Or Baby Huey
I eat up
All ketchup
For its tendency

[POS:]

I am Plug One
I'm 19 years young
I love peace
Well at least
I think we need some

[Q-TIP:]

I'm Q-Tip y'all
3 Feet produced by Prince Paul
This session
Was lessoned
By one Qualiall

[GRANNY:]

I am Granny
Thank discoriety
The 3, 4
Yo, no more
I need peace for me

[CHINA & JETTE:]

I'm China
I'm Jette
The Cue Cards we inject
We're crazy for Daisies
When we're on the set

[PAUL:]

Will rise, not fall
Definition, Prince Paul
The Mentor
Don't be sore

When I say
That's all

De La Soul Lyrics

"Me, Myself And I"

[DOVE:]

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Tell me, mirror, what is wrong?
Can it be my De La clothes
Or is it just my De La song?
What I do ain't make-beleive
People say I sit and try
But whan it comes to being De La
It's just me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[POS:]

Now you tease my Plug One style
And my Plug One spectacles
You say Plug One and Two are hippies
No, we're not, that's pure Plug bull
Always pushing that we've formed an image
There's no need to lie
When it comes to being Plug One
It's just me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[DOVE:]

Proud, I'm proud of what I am
Poems I speak are Plug Two type
Please oh please let Plug Two be
Himself, not what you read or write
Right is wrong when hype is written
On the Soul, De La that is,
Style is surely our own thing
Not the false disguise of showbiz
De La Soul is from the soul
And this fact I can't deny
Strictly from the Dan called Stuckie
And from me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[POS:]

Glory, glory hallelu
Glory for Plugs One and Two
But that glory's been denied
By kizids and dookie eyes
People think they dis my person
By stating I'm darkly pack
I know this so I point at Q-Tip
And he states, 'Black is Black'
Mirror mirror on the wall,
Shovel chestnuts in my path
Please keep on up with the nuts
So I don't get in aftermath
But if I do I'll calmly punch them
In the fourth day of July
'Cause they tried to mess with
Third degree, that's me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

De La Soul Lyrics

"This Is A Recording For Living In A Fulltime Era (L.I.F.E.)"

(This is a recording) (Life)

[POS:] Living in everyday is something,
Something everyday like this is our livin'
[DOVE:] Giving something sheer for the crowd is our major,
Major to the crowd is to hear what we're givin'
[POS:] No time to rest, we got work in the studio
Studio suppliers rest at no time
[DOVE:] Showtime is enough when the Soul is performing,
Performing is the Soul y'all, and it's showtime
[POS:] Coping with dates in clubs, can't even lounge,
Lounge with the homeboys how we are copin'
[DOVE:] Scoping new material for Paul to plug high-pitched,
High-pitched what Paul plugs in and still scopin'
[POS:] Bearer of peaceful views to express peace,
Peaceful expressions why we are bearers
[DOVE:] What the Soul tries to project is when existing in rap,
You're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)

(This is a recording) (Life)

[POS:]

Puttin' in spin the rhyme, rappers fear so
Fear so much of what Pos is puttin'
Couldn't do better, the punks they don't try hard
Try hard enough, they don't, so they couldn't
No joke to what I do inside this field,
This field to me is filed, there's no joke
So soak up the fact there's no part-time,
Part-time rappers at, so soak
Taking in new ideals leads to new groups,
New groups to better the Soul, I'm takin'
Wakin' from days and nights to do my best
[DOVE:] Your best gets us paid
[POS:] So I'll keep on wakin'
Wearer of a Plug logo to the dying,
Dying are rappers who think I'm no wearer
What I'm trying to say is when dealing in rap,
You're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)

(This is a recording) (Life)

[DOVE:]

Love is to all, to all goes my love
Dove comes to peace like stand comes to sit

Stand for the court, 'cause standing is healthy
Healthy in sense is mentally fit
Pause for the poets of a new style of speak
Just here to do the same with no trick
Grab the Plug Two's live wire, my brother
And find that you've grabbed my pet boa constrict
Ring goes the garbage I'm hearing
Seek for the truth, my brother is tearing
No time to back-step, 'cause if you back-step
Look what you stepped in, you stepped in mess
So look what's around you
Don't worry for the Soul will find the truth
About three years from now, you know why?
'Cause we're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)

(This is a recording) (Life)

De La Soul Lyrics

"I Can Do Anything (Delacratic)"

(It's Delacratic)

If I want to I could jump off this building.

(It's Delacratic)

I could hold two pieces of doo-doo in my hand.

(It's Delacratic)

I could call everybody in that room a rubberneck.

(It's Delacratic)

Come on, please?

(It's Delacratic)

I can say anything that I want.

(It's Delacratic)

I could wave my hand in my air.

(It's Delacratic)

I could stick my hand up my nose.

(It's Delacratic)

I could hold my foot and count to three.

(It's Delacratic)

I can do anything.

(Possie? Dovie? Masie?)

(Pass my bag.)

De La Soul Lyrics

"D.A.I.S.Y. AGE"

(Woah. Stay, stay, stay)
(Daisy! Daisy!)
(I love daisies, I love daisies,
I love pushing up your favourite daisies)
(Daisy!)
(This is Posdnuos, the president of a paragraph)

[POS:]
Paragraph
President
President preaching 'bout the on-tech,
Known for the new step,
Stop and take a bow

Amityville
Resident
Resident supported by the speaker view
Want to feel it in your shoe
Let me show you how

Platform
Witnesses
Witnesses, show you to my show-lab
Fill you with my vocab
Hope you have a spoon

Discuss
Contracts
You like the way I vocalise
And bring it to a compromise
My P.A. won't set up till noon
It's a DAISY age

Sun
Ceiling
Ceiling connects to the sun
Burning inside everyone
On a side, plug-a-fied sire

One
Million
Demonstrations have been heard
My hair burns when I'm referred
Kid shouts my roof is on fire

Go
Dancing

Dancing like a bandit
Psychics try to stand it
Keep it up until they burn a cell

Romancing
Romancing dialect in shows
Posdnuos creating flow
You say you didn't know
Oh well, it's a DAISY age

[DOVE:]
Pedal
Promenade
Promenade people to the providence
Dove will show dominance
Inside of every phrase

Rebel
Renegade
Renegade reaching only topflight
Can't find your new height
Think you need a raise

Dialect
Ultimate
Ultimate strings from the soul stuff
Copies always staying rough
Before they go to plate

Try a pack
It'll stick
Stick to you but won't deflate
Keeping all the levels straight
I tell you, mate, that we're top rate
'Cause it's a DAISY age

The speak
Motor
Motor is the heart beat
Sleeping in your car seat
Kept alive to every mile discovered

Complete
Quota
Quota sharp at 12 noon
Risen to a new tune
Positive is greater than negative

Image
Mirror
Mirror image don't contend
Vocals should be comprehended
Silver audience'll say what's said

Scrimmage
Nearer
Nearer to the goal line
Forget about the rose vine
The Soul will let you know it's time
And it's a DAISY age

(La la la la, lah)
(This is a DAISY age)

(Sing about, sing about the DAISY age)
(Let it rain, let it rain, rain on a DAISY)
(Rain on, rain on)

[Al Watts:] Now it's the end of the show. Contestants, do you have any answers?

[Contestants:] (Clueless babble, including 'Nah,' 'I dunno,' 'Mama')

[Al Watts:] For those of you who think your answers are correct,
Don, tell them where to send the answers to.

[Don:] Thanks, Al. For all you listeners at home who think you have the right answers, jot 'em down on a four by ten sheet of paper, and get two proof of purchases from the back of the album, and send them to Tommy Boy records in care of Dante the Scrubb, 1747 First Avenue, New York, New York, 10128. For those who have all four answers correct, you will receive a specially selected grand prize. Thanks and goodnight, for Three Feet High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Plug Tunin' (Original 12" Version)"

[MASE:]

Yo Pos and Dove, stand clear to be plugged up into line one and two
So y'all can flaunt the new style of speak

(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

[POS:]

Answering any other service,
Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted
Enemies publicly shame my utility
After the battle they admit that I'm with it
Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue
Transistors are never more shown with like
When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin
Due to a clue of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Flowing in file with a new style
Barrels are cleaned and loaded for salute
Chanters with the choice standing steady like my mouth
This paragraph preacher is now introduced
Drums are heard sounding off on each and every person
Vocal confetti is blown at top stage
Roses and violets aren't proper for throwing
When showing appreciation, why? This is a Daisy Age
Hands won't sweat 'cause there's no threat
Mic will stay dry while pitchin' so loose
Rhymes aren't fables but stable to be on time
'Cause they're marketed and labeled sticker 'Posdnuos'
This pitch will fit with every consumer
Microphone loosed in cycles, start blooming
Profit and cost should never be lost
All due to a clue of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

[DOVE:]

Dazed at the sight of a method
Dying at the death of a neverending verse
Gasping and swallowing every last letter
Vocalised liquid holds the quench of your thirst
Reasons for the rhythm is for causes unknown
Different individuals are dazzled with the showbiz
Auditions are gathered but the Soul would just rather
Hold a count at three and in the end leave it as it is
Flow to the sway of my do-re-mi
Leaving are fixed lunatics who will hawk
Words are sent to the vents of humans
Then converted to a phrase called talk
Musical notes will send a new motto
Every last poem is recited at noon
Focus is set, let your polaroids click
As they capture the essence of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)

(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Vocal in doubt is an uplift
And real is the answer that I answer with
Dying yet live, what you must realise
That the tune that I present is surely not a gift
Different in style is definite
And style which I flaunt is sure legit
Now set aside, I say I hold pride
In performing this melodic misfit
So swing 'cause this pitcher is pitching
In sense JD Dove is now saying
All sing along to his favorite song
While the pocket transistors are playing
But least but not last I'm frightened
For the words that I reply hold doom
Life of the check can be stopped by accident
When you're tripping the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)

(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

(No-one that I know can live my life for me)

(Are you ready for this?)